MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BAREFOOT BOY.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Are you in a hurry today, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for the bunny rabbit gentleman one morning, as he started out from his hollow stump bungalow.

"Not very much of a hurry," answered Mr. Longears. "But I haven't time to play tag with Baby Bunty!" he quickly said, as he saw the fluffy little rabbit girl peeking around the corner of the woodshed.

Baby Bunty was nearly always wanting Uncle Wiggily to chase her or play with her. She said it kept him lively, so he wouldn't get old and stiff. But Uncle Wiggily didn't always like to chase Baby Bunty.

"Oh, you don't need to play tag with her," said Nurse Jane, with a laugh. "I made her promise not to tease you, though I'm going to ask you to go to the five and ten cent store with her and help carry it home."

"What! Carry home the five and ten cent store?" asked Uncle Wiggily, twinkling his pink nose twice as fast as a dill pickle.

"No, carry home some dried curled grass to make a new feather bed for the spare room," spoke the muskrat lady. "They have some nice, new, fresh, curled, dried grass at the five and ten cent store now, and I want Baby Bunty to bring some home. But perhaps the bundle will be too large for her. If you'd help her carry it——"

"Oh, of course, I will!" said Uncle Wiggily most kindly. "Come along, Baby Bunty. I like to go with you if I don't have to hop and skip too much, or chase you."

"Well, I like to be lively," laughed the little rabbit girl, and, to tell the truth she did.

Uncle Wiggily, with his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and Baby Bunty, wearing her new hat with purple carrot ribbons on, went over the fields and through the woods until they reached the five and ten cent store. There Mr. Longears bought a big bundle of sweet, dried, curly grass for Nurse Jane to stuff into the new feather bed to make a soft mattress.

"It's a good thing you came with me, Uncle Wiggily," said Baby Bunty, when she saw what a large bundle the dried grass made. "I never could have carried it all by myself."

"We'll have the little mousie girl clerk make two bundles of it—a large one and a small one," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll carry the large one and you can carry the little one."

"That will be nice!" said Baby Bunty. "Then I can skip a little on the way home."

Uncle Wiggily's bundle of soft, curly, dried grass was much larger than Baby Bunty's, for he wanted the little rabbit girl to have fun on the way home. And Bunty did. She hopped and skipped, and she wanted very much to tag Uncle Wiggily. But she had promised Nurse Jane not to, and she didn't.

All of a sudden, as the old rabbit gentleman and the little rabbit girl were crossing a field where there were many sharp stones, Baby Bunty called:

"Oh, Look! Here comes the barefoot boy!"

"Surely enough! So he does!" said Uncle Wiggily looking down alongside of his pink, twinkling nose and through his glasses. "He's the same barefoot boy who once chased me. He ran very fast with his shoes off—almost as fast as I could when I was a young rabbit. Come on, Bunty! We'll have to hop now!"

And just as Uncle Wiggily and Bunty started across the field of sharp stones, the barefooted boy saw them and he cried:

"Oh, look! A rabbit! Two rabbits! A big one and a little one! Whoop! I'll catch 'em for next Easter!" and away he started after Baby Bunty and Uncle Wiggily.

Now Mr. Longears and the little baby rabbit, who was found in a hollow stump, did not mind running over sharp, pebbly stones. Their feet were made for that. But no sooner had the barefooted boy started across the rough, sharp, stony meadow than he cried:

"Oh, ouch! Oh, my feet! My barefoot feet! Oh, I'm all stuck full of sharp thorns!" and he sat down and began to sob big, wet, salty tears. "Oh, dear!" said the boy. "I can't walk home because my feet hurt so from the sharp stones, and no one will get me my shoes! Oh, boo-hoo!"

Uncle Wiggily and Baby Bunty heard the barefoot boy crying, and, though they did not know what he said, they knew his feet hurt by the way he acted.

"Too bad!" said Baby Bunty. "Toss him some of the soft, curly dried grass, Uncle Wiggily. He can wrap that around his feet, and tie it on, and then the sharp stones won't hurt him."

"You are a good little girl to think of that," said Mr. Longears. Then, when the barefoot boy had cried so many tears that his eyes were full and he could not see Uncle Wiggily, the old gentleman rabbit came up close to the boy and left a big bunch of dried grass for him. Then Uncle Wiggily and Baby Bunty hopped on to the hollow stump bungalow.

A little later the boy opened his eyes, saw the dried grass, and said:

"Oh, I'll make myself a soft pair of slippers from this! Then I can safely walk across the sharp stones. And I won't chase rabbits any more. I wonder how this nice grass got here?" But I'll never tell him; will you?

And if the slice of bread doesn't try to hide in the cracker box where the strawberry jam can't find it to make a ham sandwich, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the ladybugs.

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—No Hint, No Gift; Therefore No Party, Eh?

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Forewarned Is Forearmed, You Know!

JOE'S CAR—Joe, Old Top, You Figured It Out All Wrong!

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

A poor, unhappy, middle-aged millionaire husband and wife have just been divorced on the grounds of incompatibility of temper.

The woman weeps and says, in a sort of bewildered way, that she is sure she doesn't know how it all came about—that nobody could have loved each other any more than she and John did when they were married, or could have been any happier than they were when they were working side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, making their fortune. For they were poor when they started out in life, but they were determined to make money, and they planned, and schemed, and toiled, and sacrificed together, and had every aim and aspiration, and thought in common.

"It was only after we became rich that we began to drift apart," the wife says, "my husband got absorbed in Wall street. I, in society, was crazy for the galeties I had been too poor to have in my youth. They bored him to death. He wanted to live one sort of life. I wanted to live another. It got so we moved in different circles that never touched. We had no tastes, no interests in common. We didn't even have anything to talk about, and so we decided we would both be happier if we were free to go our different ways.

"We were congenial in our youth, but we are not congenial now; and I don't know why."

It takes no Solomon to read the poor lady's sad little riddle and tell her why she and her husband are no longer happy together, or necessary to each other, as they once were. It is because they have no mutual interest, no common object for which they are striving.

This is the rock on which more American marriages are wrecked than any other in the whole matrimonial sea, and it explains why so many middle-aged men and women suddenly discover that they have missed their soul mates, and bring scandal and misery on themselves by running off after affinities about the time they become grandparents.

The great romance in this country is when a poor young man marries a poor young girl and they start out to make their fortune. It is a great adventure, full of thrills, and dangers, and anxieties, and excitement, and bitter disappointments, and fierce joys, and while they are straining on to their goal they have every ambition and hope in common.

They are necessary to each other. They are absorbingly interesting to each other. They are fascinating companions to each other, but when the objective is once reached, and the fortune made, if the desire for riches was the only thing they had in common, they find that marriage has gone stale and flat to them, that they bore each other to extinction, and that they have not even anything to say to each other.

The humorists have long made merry over the fact that you can always spot a married couple in any crowd by the dull and weary expressions they wear, and the silence that reigns between them, but it is not funny. It is the most tragic thing on earth that the average middle-aged couple have no subjects of mutual interest on which they can chat together agreeably. After they have exhausted talking about the children, and the bills, they must remain either dumb or else quarrel to put a little pep into life.

It is worth while calling attention to this subject as a warning to young married people, and to advise them to begin during their honeymoons to deliberately cultivate an interest in each other's pursuits so that they may still have a mental point of contact in their old age, just as Talleyrand advised young people to learn to play a good game of whist in their youth so that they would have some amusement for their declining years.

When a woman absorbs herself in her house, and her children, and her clubs, and a man absorbs himself in his business and his clubs, they little dream that their difference of occupation and interest is the entering of the wedge that will eventually divide their hearts; but it is true, nevertheless. They have parted company, and the tiny rivulet of separate thoughts and interests will widen and widen as the years go by until at last it becomes a great gulf that their love can not bridge.

For this reason he is a wise man who talks over his business affairs with his wife, and makes her share in his plans and ambitions, and anxieties, and she is a wise woman who makes her husband's friends her friends, and who plays with them, even if the things he loves to do are anathema to her. For it is better to have feet that ache from tramping after a man around golf links than to have a heart that aches with loneliness for a husband who has gone off and left you.

The tie that binds two people together is not love nor romance, as boys and girls think. It is congeniality. It is similarity of tastes. It is a mutual interest in things. It is knowing the same people, and having done the same things.

If husbands and wives would only realize this and cultivate an interest in each other's tastes and occupations, we should have less domestic misery. For a mutual object in life is the only insurance one can take out that will guarantee matrimonial happiness.

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WHO'S TO BLAME

BY
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

People who are really suffering seldom have the extra strength to talk at length of their symptoms.

CHAPTER NO. 115.

More and More.

(Copyright, 1919, by the Mclure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At first Freddie met the drama of the furs in silence. He had given Estrelda $100 of their savings with which to buy the wrap she so greatly coveted. From everything that she had said to him, Freddie was justified in concluding that the sum was ample for her desires. Indeed, he had been happy all the way uptown from work in the thought that he presently would see his wife's face framed smilingly in his gift to her. Instead he was greeted now with frowns and tears and the declaration from Estrelda that the "measly hundred dollars was not nearly enough!" Freddie was dumfounded.

"But you thought—" he began, helplessly, as he sat down in bewilderment.

"How should I know?" protested Estrelda. "I didn't want to spend any more of your old money than I could help!"

"But you priced what you wanted before you said one hundred would be enough?" suggested Freddie. "And it seems to me that it's quite a lot of money. Surely all the women you see in the streets wearing furs don't pay more than a hundred dollars for them?"

"Well—they do!" declared Estrelda. "Oh, they do, unless they wear cat fur. And I'm not going to wear anything cheap and horrid—I can tell you that—right straight now!"

"But I wouldn't want you to," said Freddie. "All I'm trying to tell you is that a hundred dollars isn't a little money to anyone and you certainly ought to—"

"You'd think it was a million, to hear you talk of it," broke in Estrelda. "You'll drive me crazy some day! You're always deviling me!"

Then she burst into tears. Poor Freddie sat dismally staring at the tips of his boots. Estrelda took out her handkerchief and sobbed into it noisily.

"Dinner is served, sir," said Sarah from the door.

"A—well," said Freddie, rising slowly. "I'll wash. Then let's have dinner. Don't cry, dear, we—we'll have to do something—of course."

"I don't want any dinner," sniffed Estrelda.

"Please, dear," begged Freddie. "You'll be ill if you don't eat. I told you we'd think of something—"

"I'm sick now," said Estrelda. "I can't eat."

But presently she came and took her place across the table from him. Freddie was genuinely distressed. He'd had a rather light luncheon, and he was young and healthy. But the sight of Estrelda's grief made it impossible for him to dine. However, he tried to hide his feelings and to make her more cheerful if he could.

"Try to eat a nice little chop," he coaxed.

"I tell you I don't want anything to eat!" she said. And she refused to allow him to put the meat on her plate.

But the truth of the matter was that she had had a very elaborate tea downtown. When she had found that the money her husband gave her was not enough to buy the furs she wanted, she had gone to one of the larger hotels and there had ordered chocolate and a club sandwich and subsequently a very complicated combination of ice cream and fruits. But this feast she did not mention to Freddie, and hick from it she literally was. But, of course, he thought her overcome by disappointment over her furs. So he arose from the dinner table with a little sigh.

"You've not touched more than a mouthful, Sweetie," he told her, solicitously. "Surely no furs in the world are worth making one's self ill over."

"I'm just freezing to death," whispered Estrelda. "I s'pose I won't be able to go out all winter—now I can't have furs!"

She was so sorry for herself by this time that she almost believed the things she said. But:

"Why—of course you'll have furs," Freddie told her. "I've such lots of nice warm things from last winter that I won't need anything this year at all. Dear—do you think you—you could get them for—a hundred and fifty?"

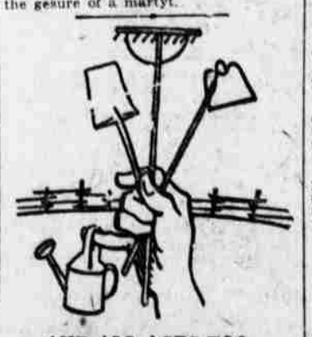
She took his sacrifice with scarcely a look of thanks.

"I—I'll try," she said, none too graciously.

"Do," he begged. "And—and could you eat now?"

"I—had a cup of tea downtown to brace me up," she said.

She put her hand to her head with the gesure of a martyr.



AND ALL AGES TOO.

You will fly high next winter if you have a garden says the National War Garden Commission, of Washington.

Dear K. C. B.—I enjoy your column very much, and those who do not are lacking not only in a sense of humor, but of fine appreciation.

I said recently to a member of my family: "I'll venture that K. C. B. is a fine man. His articles are high toned, dignified and bespeak the gentleman." And then, but a day or two later, you stepped on the toes of many of us women folk who have reached the three-score mark, yet, despite that fact, are not obviously aged, neither are we bent—and many of us but a little gray.

For myself, I am three years past sixty, am an active member of three women's clubs, and, as a member of my family, condescendingly remarks, "have young ideas."

Therefore, dear K. C. B., please say you didn't mean the implication of the article referred to, or that your printer made you say "sixty" when you really wrote "seventy." D. A. G.

Columbia Road, Dorchester.

DEAR DORCHESTER Lady,
I WISH I might say.
IT WAS the printer's fault
AND GO you two better.
AND SAY it was "ninety,"
THAT I really wrote
AND THAT in some way.
THE POOR printer man.
TURNED IT upside down.
AND MADE it a six.
BUT THAT wouldn't be fair,
FOR I really wrote sixty.
AND THAT was the age.
OF THE bent little woman.
WHO CAME to our house.
TO DO general work.
AND WHO stayed long enough.
JUST TO let us know.
THAT IT wasn't the years.
THAT HAD brought her old age.
AND HAD turned her hair.
PAST A "little gray."
FOR FROM what she said.
I HAVE an idea.
SHE'D STILL be young.
IF IT hadn't been.
THAT BACK somewhere.
IN HER earlier years.
SHE HAD builded her hopes.
ON A couple of boys.
FOR WHOM she had toiled.
THROUGH THEIR babyhood.
AND THEIR youthful days.
AND HAD made them men.
IF YEARS make men.
AND HAD seen them go out.
AND INTO the world.
AND HAD seen them forget.
THAT THE strength they had.
WAS THEIR mother's strength.
AND THE debt they owed.
WAS A God-made debt.
AND THAT'S how it happened.
SHE COULDN'T have stayed.
WHEN SHE came to us.
UNLESS SHE had stayed.
AS A mother might stay.
AND SHE couldn't do that.
AND JUST in conclusion.
I'D LIKE to know.
THAT HER sons might know.
WE HAD paid two dollars.
TO HAVE their mother.
SENT OUT to us.
AS A servant girl.
AND DEAR Dorchester Lady,
OF COURSE I know.
THAT A woman of sixty.
WITHOUT ANY griefs.
IS JUST in her prime.

I THANK you.

THE GREATEST COUNTRY.

Since this is the greatest country in the world—we say it without boasting—it is only proper that we should have the greatest road building project that the world has ever known. Between the state and the nation, the road funds amount to well over half a billion dollars, presently available, according to the estimates which we receive from Washington. There is nothing of greater value to country people than good roads. They invariably increase the value of farm lands and they lessen the loneliness of rural life. A good many of us have an instinctive objection to road appropriations, because we are afraid of higher taxes. It is a good thing, sometimes that we are compelled to make roads, even against our wills. As soon as the country begins to understand the value and possibilities of the motor truck as a means of marketing and distributing, the sentiment in favor of good highways will increase enormously.—Farm Life.

HOROSCOPE

TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1919.

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Conflicting planetary influences make this an uncertain and trying day, according to astrology. While Uranus, Mercury and the sun are in benefic aspect, Saturn and Neptune are strongly adverse.

It is a sway under which bitter and cruel judgments, which may have been spoken or written, will be more easily reversed than in usual circumstances. Speakers and teachers should make most of the rule.

A gradual clearing of vision on public questions is indicated and public men will be slowly awarded praise for that which has brought blame to them, the seers declare.

During this configuration there may be uncovered state secrets and diplomatic motives, so that the people may gain a new view of world affairs.

Contracts and leases come under a fortunate direction and the signs seem to foreshadow a continuance of high wages and high rents.

This is an especially unpropitious government under which to have dealings with the aged or with those long established in any position of power.

Elderly relatives and old men who represent power of any sort should be avoided if their aid in future is desired. It is wise to wait for a more auspicious day, when Saturn is not in evil place.

There is a sign that seems to forecast mining difficulties, including strikes, and coal, copper and iron will probably rise in price.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the prognostication of travel and change. They may meet with deception and should beware of perils from fire and thieves.

Children born on this day will be original and inventive, in all probability. These subjects of Gemini are often high-strung and inclined to become excited over trifles.